

64

**PAGES
OF
THRILLS!**

No. 11

APRIL, 1939

ACTION COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**APPEARING IN THIS ISSUE
AND IN EVERY ISSUE
SUPERMAN!**



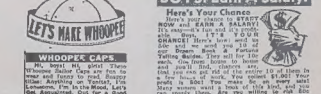
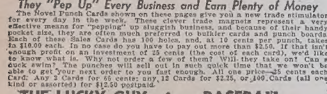
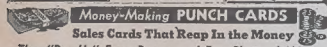
FRED GUARDINEER

Television
RIFLE

Thrill of a Rifle
Without the Danger



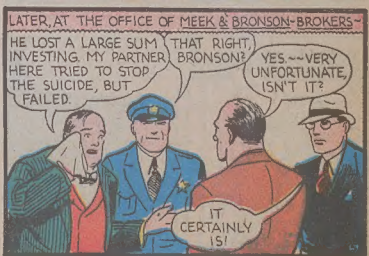
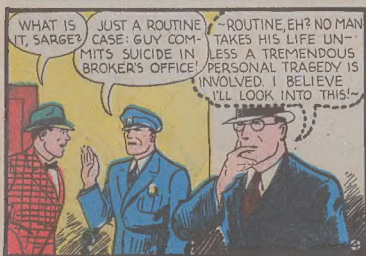
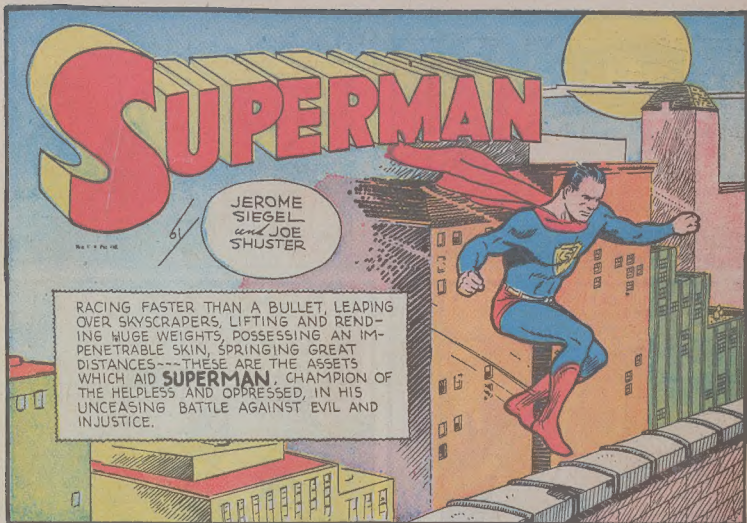
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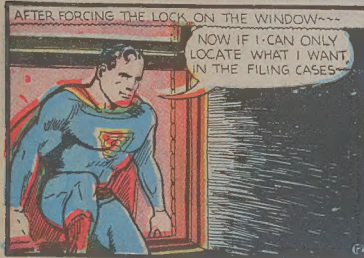
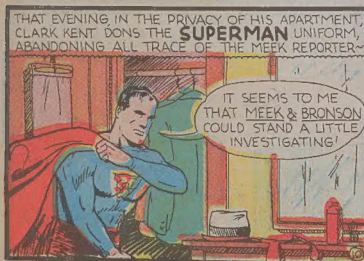
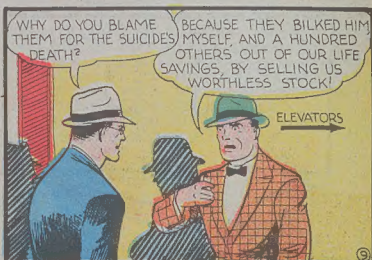


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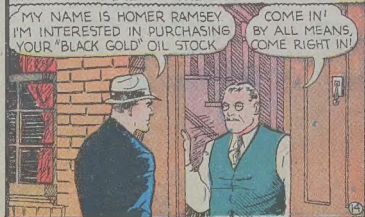
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VINCENT A. SULLIVAN, Editor

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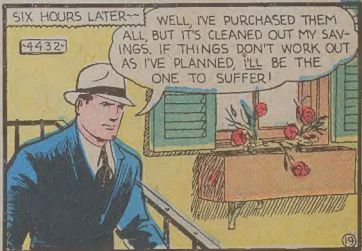




NEXT DAY, MINUS HIS GLASSES, CLARK KENT VISITS THE FIRST NAME ON THE LIST---



CLARK VISITS ANOTHER PROSPECT---

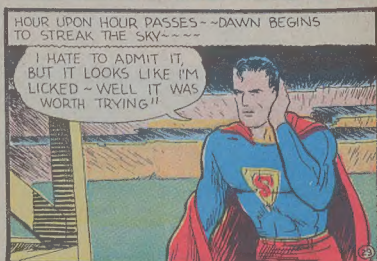
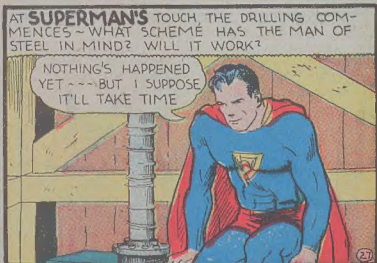


THAT EVENING--**SUPERMAN** RACES TOWARD A DISTANT OIL-TOWN AT A SPEED THAT WOULD OUTDISTANCE THE FASTEST STREAMLINE LIMITED--



NEXT MORNING--



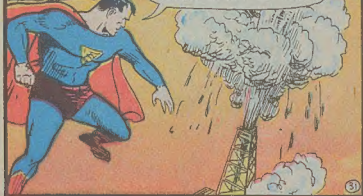


ABRUPTLY WITH A
TERRIFIC ROAR,
THERE CAME A
THUNDEROUS
EXPLOSION~~UP
SHOOTS A GEY-
SER OF BLACK
GUSHING LIQUID
~~~OIL!!!



30

THAT'S ALL I NEED DO, FOR  
THE PRESENT. NOW TO  
HURRY BACK TO TOWN



31

DRAWN BY THE GREAT GUSHER, WORKMEN  
HASTEN FORWARD, PUT IT UNDER CONTROL~~~

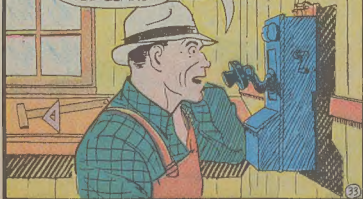
QUICK! CAP IT!  
WE'RE LOSING A  
FORTUNE EVERY  
MINUTE!

FREE THE  
WATCHMAN!



32

LONG-DISTANCE OPERATOR? GET  
ME MEEK AND BRONSON IN  
CLEVELAND!



33

WH-WHAT~~??  
SAY THAT  
AGAIN!



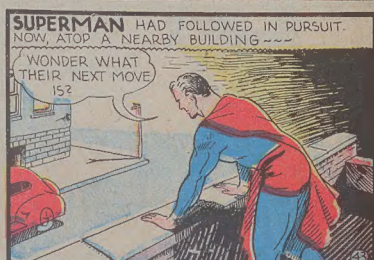
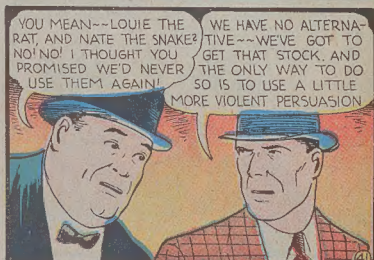
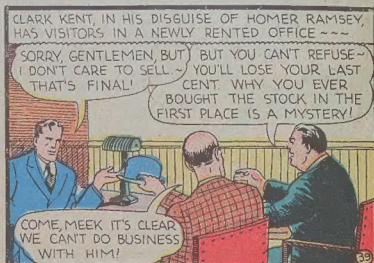
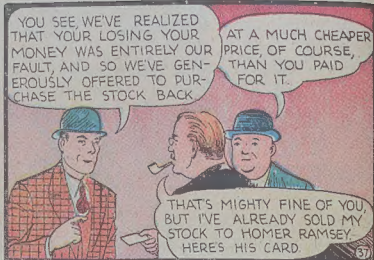
34

BRONSON! WE'RE RICH!  
WE'RE RICH! THE WELL  
CAME IN ~1000  
BARRELS A DAY!!

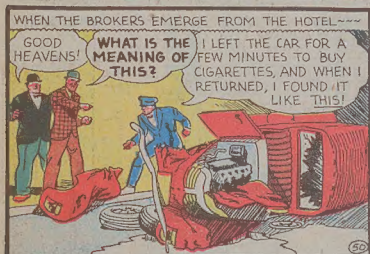
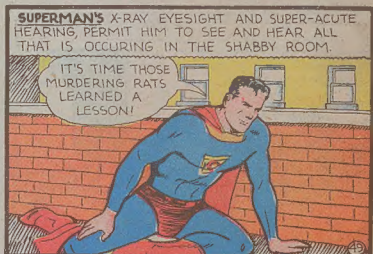
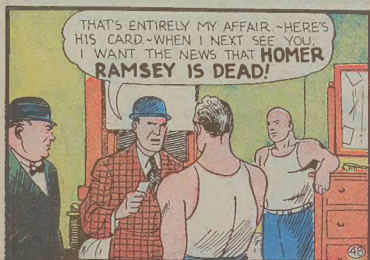
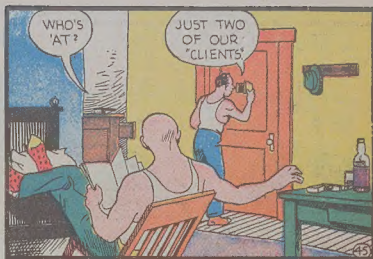
HOLY MACKEREL!  
~AND WE THOUGHT THAT  
WELL WAS A DUD!

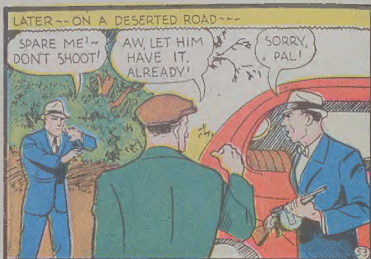
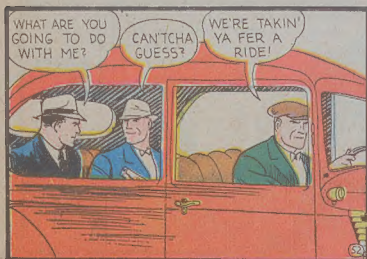


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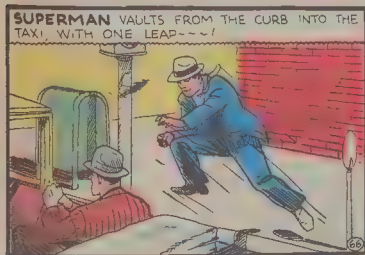
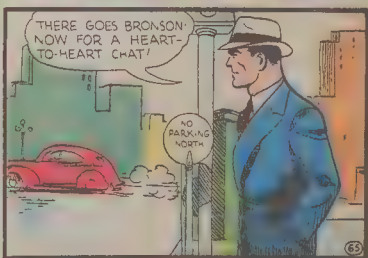
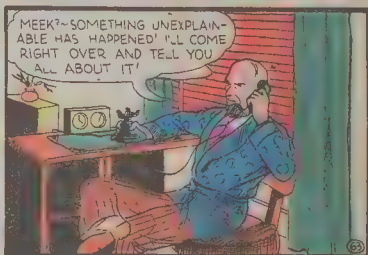
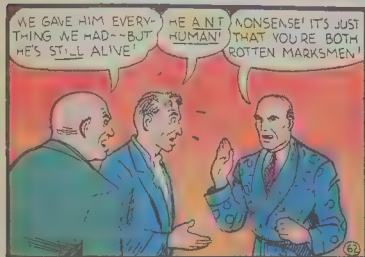
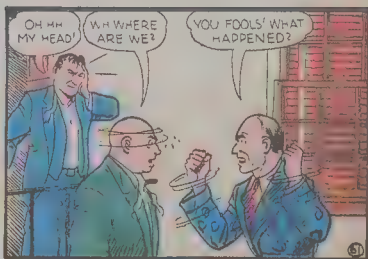
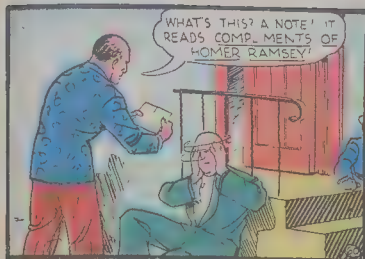


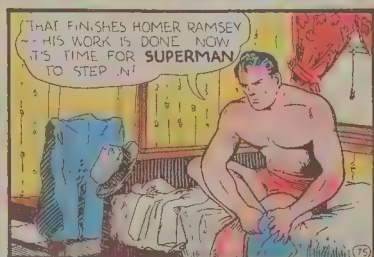
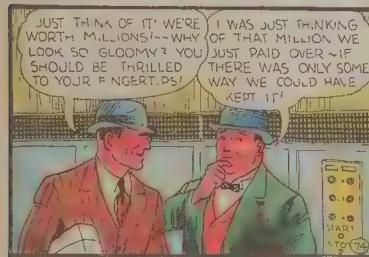
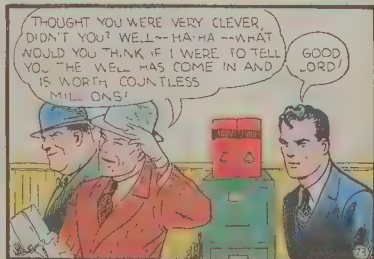
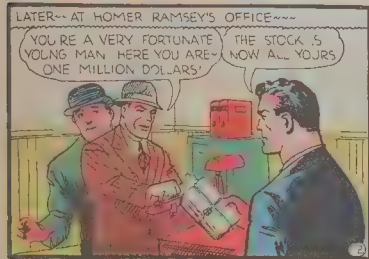
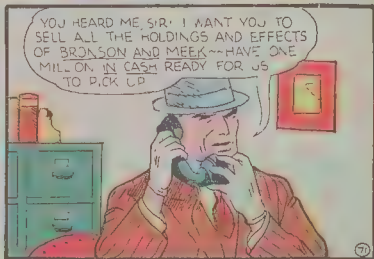
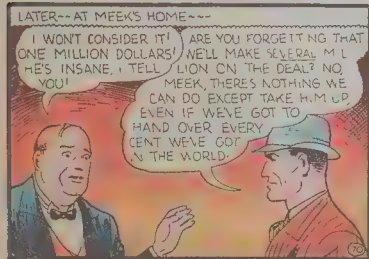
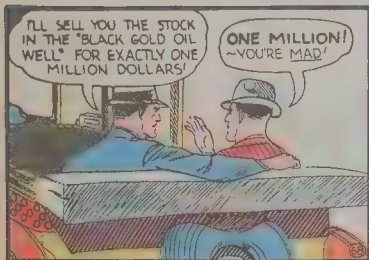




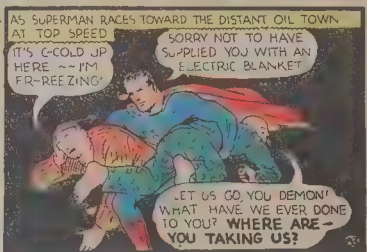
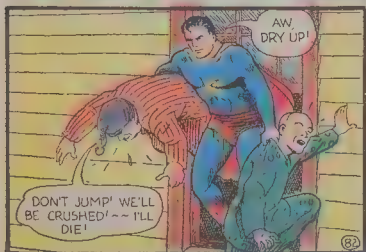
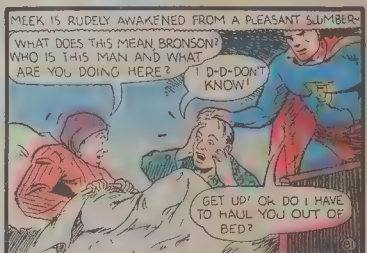
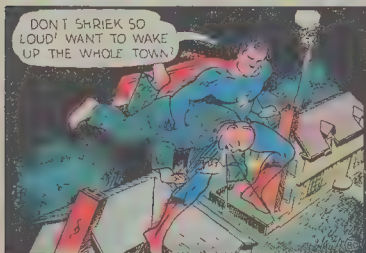
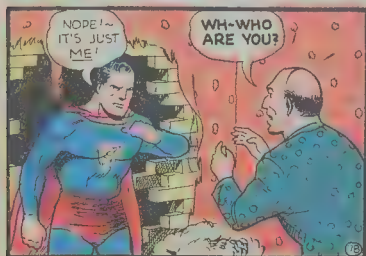
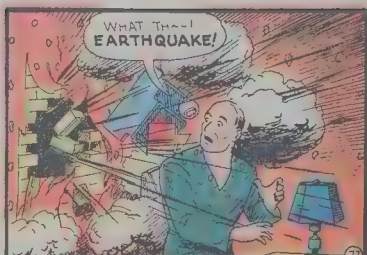


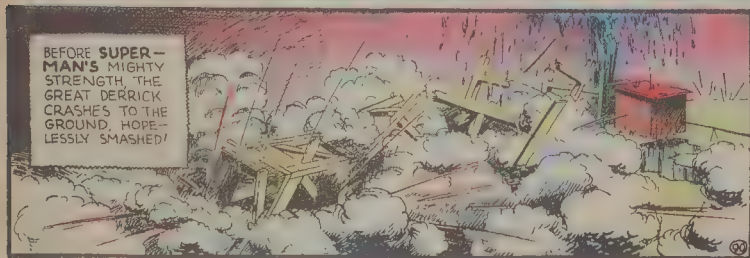
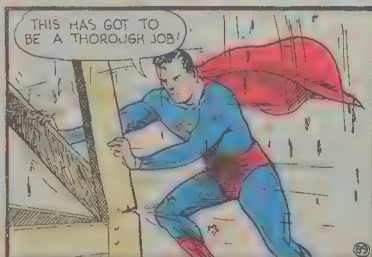
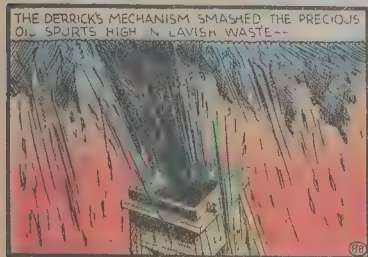
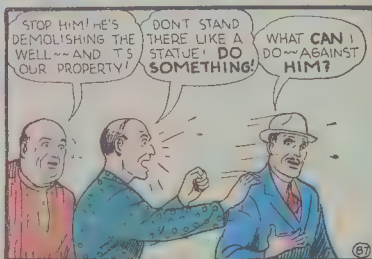
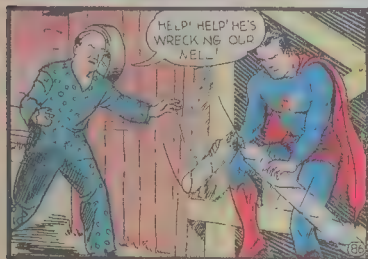
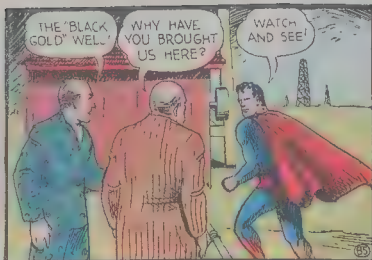










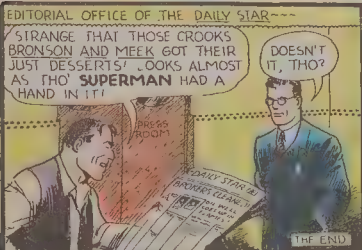
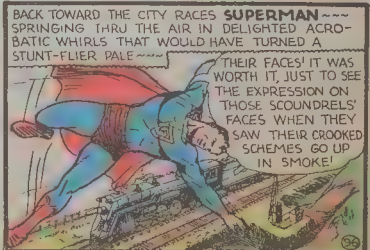
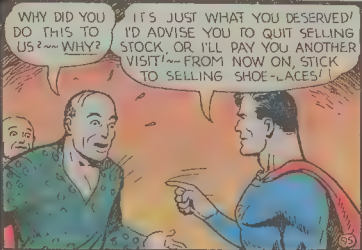
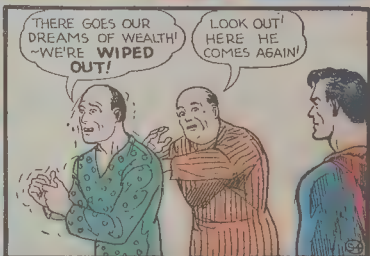




AS THE WORKERS CHARGE HIM, **SUPERMAN** IGNITES A TORCH---



AS **SUPERMAN** TOSSES HIS FLAMING TORCH INTO THE WELL, IT FLARES UP INTO A TERRIFIC CONFLAGRATION---

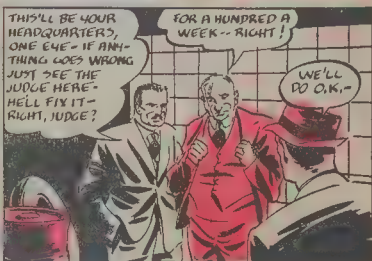
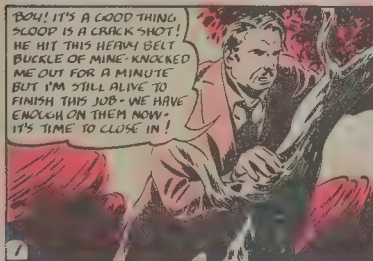
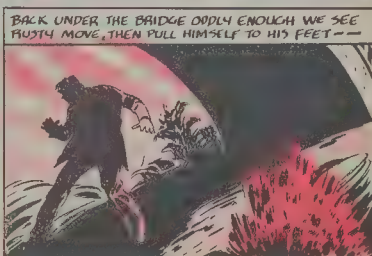


# SCOOP SCANLON

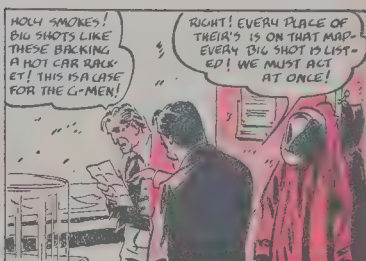


FIVE STAR REPORTER

by Will Ely







IN VARIOUS TOWNS AND CITIES, IN AND AROUND NEW YORK, THE CROOKED BIG SHOTS ARE PICKED UP--THE HEAT IS ON AND THE NET IS CLOSING IN!



SO CONFIDENT ARE THE HOT CAR DEALERS THAT THEY ARE SAFE AND PROTECTED THAT THEY ARE TAKEN COMPLETELY UNAWARE'S ---



BUT AT LARROWAY'S HEADQUARTERS WHERE MOST OF THE BIG MEN IN THE RACKET HANG OUT IT'S A DIFFERENT STORY--SUCCESSFUL THOUGH THEY ARE THEY ARE NOT OVER CONFIDENT A LOOKOUT--FEDS THE G-MEN ACROSS THE STREET ---



LARROWAY, THE BUILDING'S SURROUNDED! FEDS! THEY'RE CLOSING IN!!

MOVE FOR THE SECRET CELLAR EXIT!! LEWICK, BOYS! THEY'LL NAB THE WORKS HERE, BUT WE'LL GO FREE!



LARROWAY PUSHES A BUTTON ON HIS DESK--THE WALL SLIDES BACK DIS-CLOSING A RAMP--



HURRY! BEFORE THEY BREAK IN!

READY MEN! RUSH 'EM!!



LED BY RUSTY  
THE G-MEN  
ENTER THE GARAGE  
FROM ALL SIDES  
TO FIND IT COM-  
PLETELY DESERTED.

NO ONE'S HERE --

THEY WERE HERE A MINUTE  
AGO -- SEARCH FOR SOME  
SECRET EXIT!

THEIR OFFICE IS BACK  
HERE --

WONDER WHAT THESE  
BUTTONS HERE DO? WELL!  
LOOK AT THAT! IT OPENS!  
COME ON BOYS --  
THIS WAY --

BUT THE THUGS HAVE WASTED NO TIME ON DEPARTING --  
THEY MAN EMERGENCY, GET AWAY CARS AND DRIVE OUT  
AN UNDERGROUND EXIT --

THIS TAKES THEM  
UP INTO A DESER-  
TED GARAGE TWO  
BLOCKS AWAY --

STEP ON IT! GET THOSE  
DOORS OPEN!

WE'LL HEAD FOR  
CONNECTICUT-ONE  
EYES PLACE!

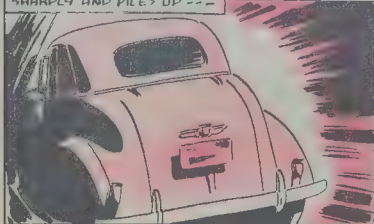
YEAH -- LET'S HOPE  
IT AINT HOT!

THE G-MEN, LOSING NO TIME, DRIVE THEIR CARS  
THRU THE GANGSTER'S SECRET EXIT AND OUT THE  
GARAGE EXIT --

HERE'S HOPIN'  
WE'RE NOT TOO  
LATE!

SPREAD OUT MEN!  
THEY COULDN'T HAVE  
GONE FAR YET!!

THE THREE CROOKS CAR SEEM TO BE MAKING A SAFE GET-AWAY WHEN THE LAST TAKE A CORNER TOO SHARPLY AND PILE UP ---



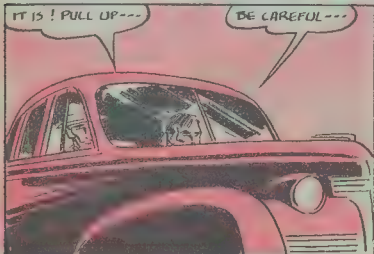
RUSTY AND AN AGENT ARE CRUISING THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND SEE THE ACCIDENT ---



THAT MAY BE SOME OF THEM! COME ON !!

IT IS ! PULL UP---

BE CAREFUL---



WATCH OUT ! BULLS!

GIVE IT TO THEM!



BOTH RUSTY AND THE G-MAN GO DOWN BEFORE THE BLAST---

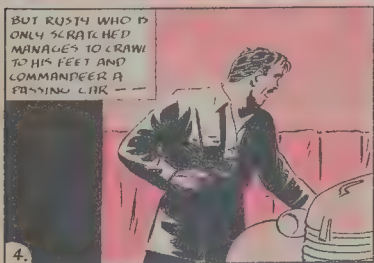


COME ON ! WE'LL USE THEIR CAR!

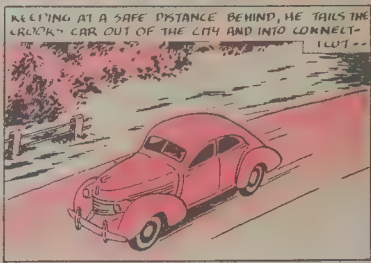
STEP ON IT---



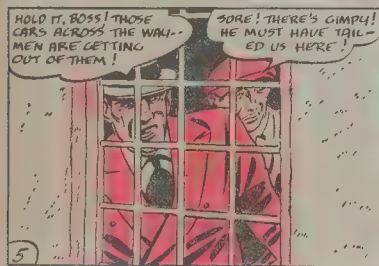
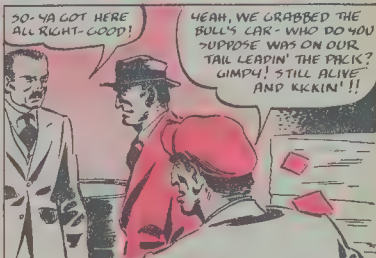
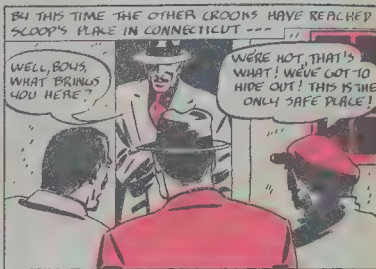
BUT RUSTY WHO IS ONLY SCRATCHED MANAGES TO CRAWL TO HIS FEET AND COMMANDER A PASSING CAR ---

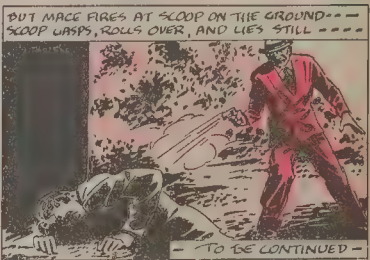
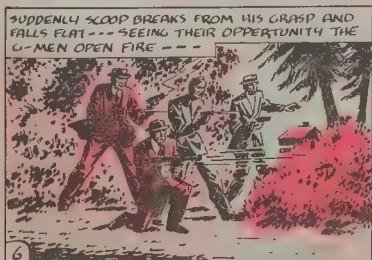
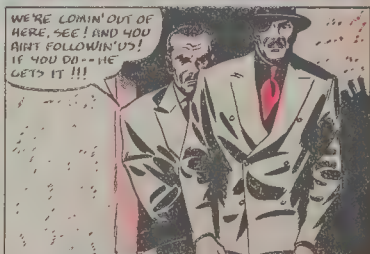


KEEPING AT A SAFE DISTANCE BEHIND, HE TAILS THE CROOKS CAR OUT OF THE CITY AND INTO CONNECTICUT ---









# PEP MORGAN

BY GENE BAXTER

MEANWHILE ON ANOTHER SHIP, A TRAMP FREIGHTER, ANCHORED NEARBY---

I'M STILL SHORT THREE MEN FOR THE CREW AND WE SAIL AT MIDNIGHT - GET BUSY !

AYE, AYE, SIR !



ON A VISIT TO A NEIGHBORING CITY, PEP MEETS AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN FRIEND OF HIS WHO SHOWS HIM AROUND HIS SHIP -

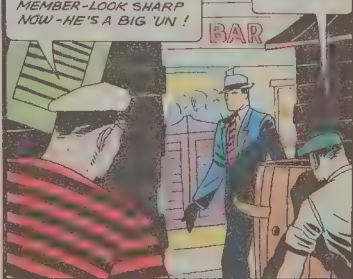
BOY ! I'D GIVE PLENTY TO SAIL ON HER WHEN SHE LIFTS ANCHOR !



LATER PEP LEAVES HIS FRIEND AND WALKS ALONG THE WATERFRONT STREET ---

HERE COMES OUR THIRD MEMBER - LOOK SHARP NOW - HE'S A BIG 'UN !

RIGHT-HO !



HELP !

SLUG 'IM, JOE !



PEP IS KNOCKED SENSELESS BUT HIS CRY HAS BEEN HEARD.

WHAT THE---

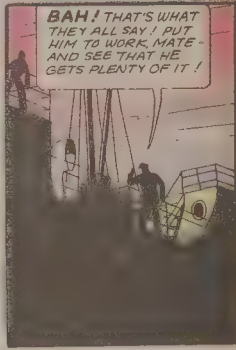
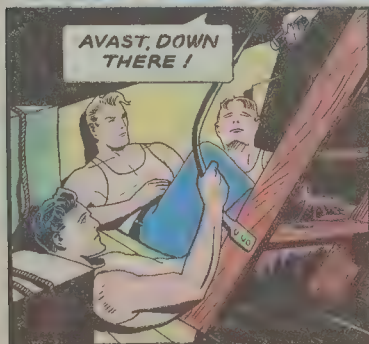


BENDING QUICKLY, JOE POURS HALF A PINT OF WHISKEY OVER PEP---

THAT'LL FIX HIM - NOW I'LL DO ALL THE TALKIN' - GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS GUY !







BUT WHERE 'BOUNTS  
IN SOUTHAMERICA  
ARE WE GOING?

TO LATARA-  
IT'S A SMALL  
REPUBLIC ON  
THE EAST  
COAST-NOW  
DON'T ASK ME  
ANYMORE  
QUESTIONS-IT  
AIN'T HEALTHY  
ON THIS SHIP!



THAT NIGHT IN THE  
CREW'S QUARTERS!

MANY DAYS LATER - THE TAIL-  
END OF A HURRICANE -

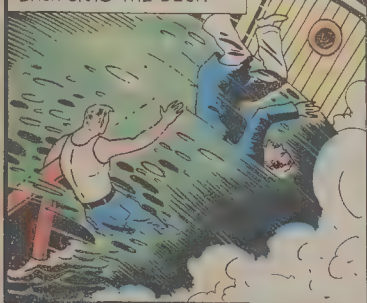
LOOK OUT, JENSEN -  
HERE SHE COMES!



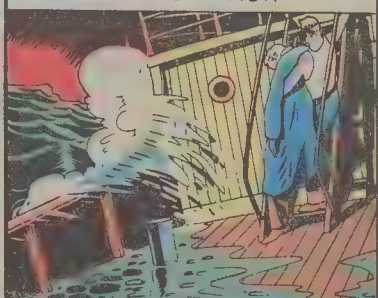
TOO LATE-  
JENSEN IS  
SWEEPED OVER-  
BOARD -



A SECOND GIANT WAVE FLINGS JENSEN  
BACK ONTO THE DECK -



PEP MANAGES TO DRAG THE HALF-DROWNED  
JENSEN TO A PLACE OF SAFETY -



LATER - IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN -

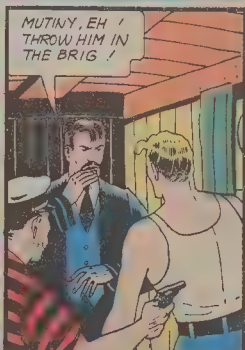
TOO BAD HE DIDN'T STAY OVER-  
BOARD - HE'S NO GOOD WITH  
THAT BROKEN LEG, BUT WE'LL  
HAVE TO FEED HIM!



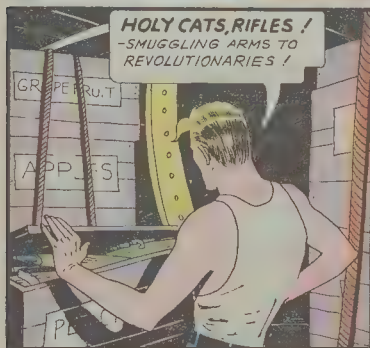
WHY, YOU  
INHUMAN -

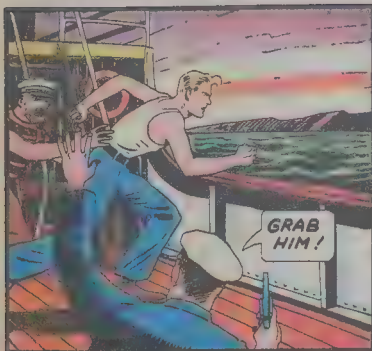


MUTINY, EH!  
THROW HIM IN  
THE BRIG!





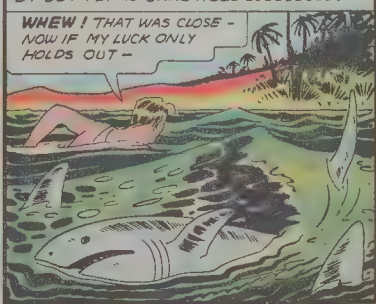




WITH A LEAP OF DESPERATION, PEP CLEARS THE RAIL AND DIVES INTO THE TROPICAL SEA-



A SCHOOL OF SHARKS DOES COME NEAR-BY BUT PEP IS UNNOTICED-----



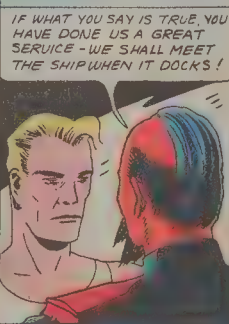
SAFE ON SHORE-PEP HEADS FOR THE LOCAL POLICE STATION-



AN AMERICAN IS OUTSIDE, MUCH EXCITED-HE SAY HE MUST SPEAK WITH THE ONE IN CHARGE --



PEP TELLS HIS STORY -



THAT NIGHT THE FREIGHTER DOCKS....  
INNOCENT APPEARING NAT VES WATCH HER  
UNLOAD



SUDDENLY A WHISTLE BLOWS AND THE  
POLICE CHIEF AND PEP COME RUNNING...



SHOOT THE  
FIRST WHO  
MOVES !

LET'S GET THE  
CAPTAIN !

TRAPPED AND CORNERED ON  
HIS OWN SHIP, THE CAPTAIN  
SHOOTS IT OUT WITH PEP -



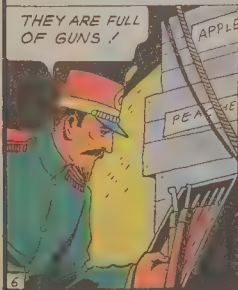
MISSED ME ! STILL  
A ROTTEN SHOT,  
CAPTAIN !

BLAST YE ! I KNEW YOU  
WERE BAD LUCK - I SHOULD  
HAVE KILLED YOU WHEN  
I HAD THE CHANCE ---



THE POLICE CHIEF EXAMINES  
THE CRATES THAT WERE  
BEING UNLOADED ---

THEY ARE FULL  
OF GUNS !

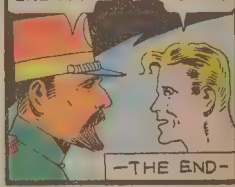


TAKE HIM AWAY - IF HE WERE  
NOT AN AMERICAN HE WOULD  
DIE - INSTEAD HE SHALL  
GROW GRAY IN JAIL !



YOU HAVE SAVED  
MY COUNTRY  
MUCH BLOOD-  
SHED AND I  
AM DEEPLY  
GRATEFUL -  
BUT YOU HAVE  
MADE A DAN-  
GEROUS  
ENEMY !

THANKS, CHIEF,  
AS FOR THE  
CAPTAIN, I'LL  
BE WELL ON  
THE WAY BACK  
TO THE U.S.A. BE-  
FORE HE EVEN  
STARTS HIS  
STRETCH BEHIND  
BARS !



-THE END-



# ADVENTURE

BY  
TERRY  
GILKISON



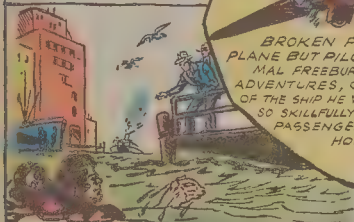
## MAKES TRIP AROUND THE WORLD IN SMALLEST SQUARE-RIGGER!

WITH A CREW OF YOUNG BOYS  
AVERAGING 18 YEARS OF AGE  
ALAN VILLIERS, 1935,  
MADE A GLOBE-CIRCLING  
TRIP IN THE SMALLEST  
SQUARE-RIGGER AFLOAT.  
THIS VOYAGE TOOK  
22 MONTHS AND  
COVERED 57,000 MILES.

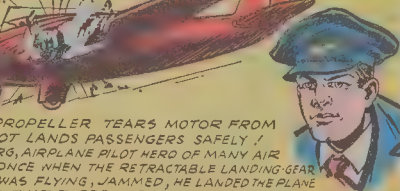


## ESCAPES BEING TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY ANGERED WILD BISON!

EDISON MARSHALL, FAMOUS HUNTER-TRAVELER,  
WHEN HE WHIRLED TO FIGHT OFF THE ATTACK OF  
A 3,000 POUND INFURIATED BISON — ONE  
OF ASIA'S MOST DANGEROUS ANIMALS — SLIPPED  
AND FELL IN THE PATH OF THE CHARGING ANIMAL.  
THE ADVENTURER LEVELED HIS RIFLE AND FIRED.  
CRACK! STRUCK BETWEEN THE EYES THE BISON  
TOPPLED FORWARD AT MARSHALL'S FEET.



BROKEN PROPELLER TEARS MOTOR FROM  
PLANE BUT PILOT LANDS PASSENGERS SAFELY!  
MAL FREEBURG, AIRPLANE PILOT HERO OF MANY AIR  
ADVENTURES, ONCE WHEN THE RETRACTABLE LANDING-GEAR  
OF THE SHIP HE WAS FLYING, JAMMED, HE LANDED THE PLANE  
SO SKILLFULLY THAT THERE WAS NO INJURY TO ANY OF HIS  
PASSENGERS. FREEBURG HAS SPENT THOUSANDS OF  
HOURS IN THE AIR.

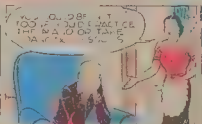
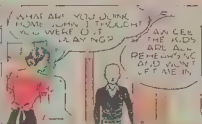
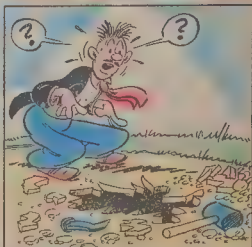
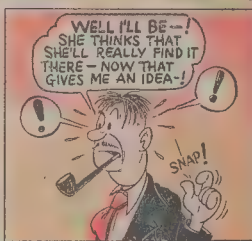
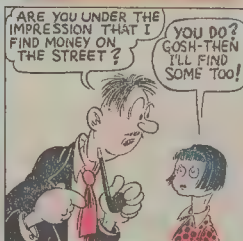


RESCUED 60 PEOPLE DURING 60 YEARS!  
WITH A RECORD OF SAVING THE LIVES OF OVER  
60 PEOPLE FROM DROWNING PETER MENIL, 60,  
DOCKMASTER AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK CITY,  
IS A "WORLD CHAMPION RESCUER."



DURING BATTLES ON THREE DIFFERENT  
OCCASIONS, CAPT. FRANCOIS DE CAMILLE,  
OFFICER IN THE FRENCH ARMY, WAS HIT BY  
CANNON BALLS. HE RECOVERED EACH  
TIME AND LIVED TO BE NEARLY A  
HUNDRED YEARS OLD. (1614)





| NAME    | ADDRESS      | CITY          | STATE  |
|---------|--------------|---------------|--------|
| W. ROSS | 1218 1st St. | San Francisco | Calif. |

# The ADVENTURES of MARCO POLO

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELYÉN

THE POLOS SOJOURN AT THE PALACE OF  
RAJAH DAGH.

IN A FEW DAYS, SIAB  
DAGH WE LEAVE YOUR  
GOODLY HOSPITALITY  
AND CONTINUE OUR  
JOURNEY EASTWARD

THEN, AS A  
FAREWELL FEAT  
LET US STAGE  
A HUNT MY  
DEAR FRIENDS.



I'VE HEARD  
OF YOUR  
PROWESS  
AS A HUN-  
TER, RAJAH

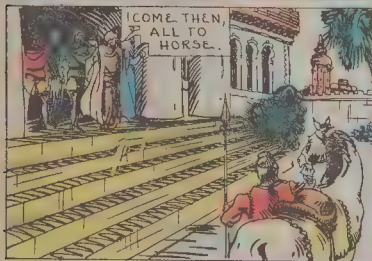
WHAT ANIMAL DO YOU MOST  
DESIRE TO PURSUE? THE  
MUTJAC, THE NYLGAV,  
THE WOLF DOG, HYENA, THE  
SPOTTED AXIS OR THE  
LEOPARD THAT FEARS NO  
MAN?



THE LEOPARD  
BY ALL MEANS  
IS MY CHOICE.

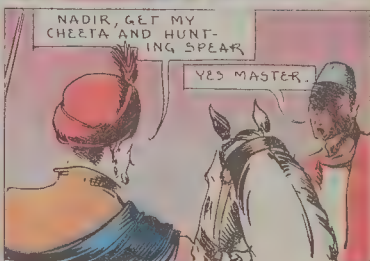


COME, THEN,  
ALL TO  
HORSE.



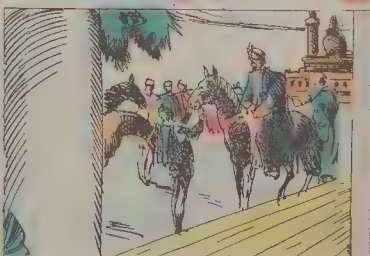
NADIR, GET MY  
CHEETA AND HUN-  
TING SPEAR

YES MASTER.



MAFFEO, I FORGOT  
MY SPEAR, I'LL RUN  
AND GET IT.

YOU'LL HAVE  
ENOUGH TIME  
BEFORE WE  
START.





NICOLA HURRIES DOWN A NARROW COURT WAY.



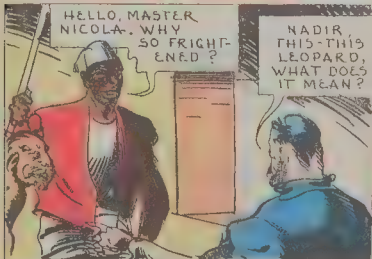
ROUNDING A TURN HE MEETS FACE TO FACE WITH A ---



WHY...WH...  
GOOD GOD!!

HELLO, MASTER  
NICOLA.. WHY  
SO FRIGHT-  
ENED?

NADIR,  
THIS-THIS  
LEOPARD,  
WHAT DOES  
IT MEAN?

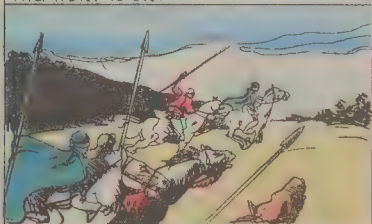


I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR  
TAKING ALARM. BUT  
THESE LEOPARDS OR  
CHEETAS AS WE CALL  
THEM CAN BE TAMED  
SO WE USE THEM  
FOR THE HUNT.  
AS YOU WOULD  
SAY, A HUNTING  
DOG.

I'LL CARRY  
MY SPEAR  
SURELY  
NOW. THE  
NEXT LEO-  
PARD I MEET  
MAY NOT BE  
A TAMED  
CHEETAH.



AT LAST THE PARTY IS COMPLETE AND  
THE HUNT IS ON.



TOWARD DUSK THE CHEETAH STOPS  
AND SNIFFS THE AIR.



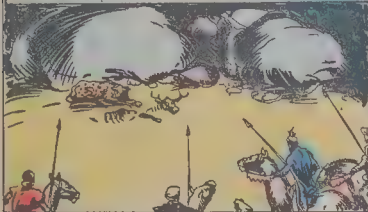
THE STILLNESS IS BROKEN ONLY BY  
THE CRY OF A JACKAL.



THERE'S BEEN A KILL.  
SEE THE JACKALS FIGHT-  
ING OVER THE CARRION.  
THAT MEANS THERE'S  
A BEAST OF PREY  
AROUND.



CAUTIOUSLY THE HUNTERS CLOSE IN. IN A PATCH OF MOONLIGHT LIES A HUGE LEOPARD, SATIATED WITH TOO MUCH FOOD.



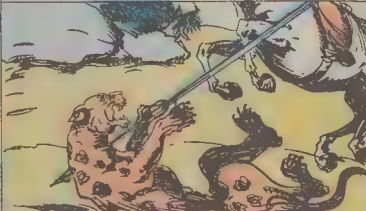
THE CHEETAH STIFFENS FOR THE ATTACK BUT THE RAJAH DASHES FORWARD.



THE LEOPARD IS UP IN A FLASH - WITH A FIERCE SCREAM HE LEAPS AT THE RAJAH.



BUT TOO LATE. A MAGNIFICENT STRIKE OF THE CHIEF'S LANCE AND THE BEAST LIES STILL.



A MASTERLY STROKE. THE RAJAH IS INDEED A BOLD HUNTER.



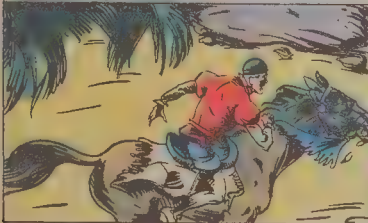
THRU A THICKET IS SEEN A LEOPARDESS AT PLAY WITH HER CUBS.



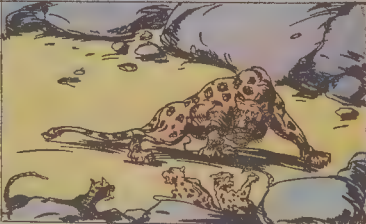
AH, THERE'S THE MATE AND HER CUBS.

I MUST HAVE ONE OF THOSE CUBS.

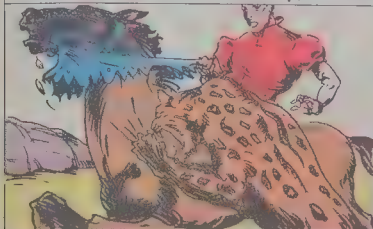
WITH A SHOUT MARCO SPURS HIS HORSE FOR THE KITTENS.



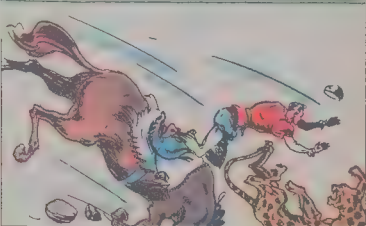
THE LEOPARDESS, SEEING HER YOUNG ENDANGERED GIVES A CRY OF FURY.



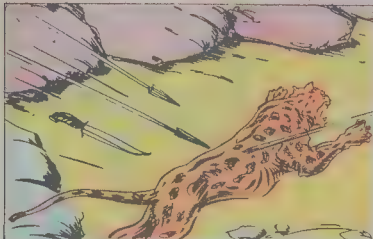
WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP SHE CLAWS  
DEEP INTO THE HORSE'S FLANK.



BUT A STONE TRIPS THE HORSE AND  
THROWS MARCO OUT OF THE SADDLE.



THE LEOPARDESS FLIES AT MARCO.



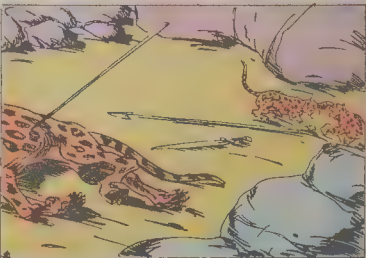
SPEARS AND KNIVES COME HURLING  
THRU THE AIR.



MARCO, SHAKEN AND TORN, DISENTANG-  
LES HIMSELF.



GOSH! THIS WAS MORE  
THAN I BAR  
GAINED FOR.



WELL, LITTLE FELLOW,  
YOU AND I ARE GOING TO BE  
GREAT PALS  
AND GO TRAV-  
ELLING ALL OVER  
TOGETHER.  
WHAT SAY?

THIS SON OF YOUR'S NICOLA, IS THE  
BOLDEST HUNTER AMONGST US. EVEN I  
WOULD HESITATE TO CHARGE A  
LEOPARD UNARMED.  
HE IS A BORN  
LEADER.



-AND A  
TRUE  
POLO

CON-  
TIN-  
UED



# ESCAPE

By

**RICHARD MARTIN**

**T**he large, heavy-timbered room was cold and silent as a tomb. It was a strange and tense stillness that seemed to forebode evil.

"The prisoner will step forward and receive his sentence!" The armed guard at the side of the table spoke in a deep monotone and Bill Tompkins felt both his arms grasped by the two soldiers standing on each side of him. He was ushered across the bare floor to a spot directly in front of the long table, behind which sat the three men who had conducted the trial.

The one in the center smirked as he picked up a batch of papers and adjusted a monocle in his eye. "You have been accused and found guilty of espionage, inciting insurrection and planning other foul methods of wrecking this newly formed government which will lead this country to its rightfully just and proud destiny. In the eyes of this court, these outrageous acts deserve the full penalty

attached to such crimes. It is, therefore, the order of this court that you shall be taken out tomorrow at sunrise and be shot dead!"

Bill experienced a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach. This seemed to be the end of the line for him, but on the other hand he was glad it had to be he rather than his friend Spike Maloney. Both he and Spike had left Paris several weeks ago to get first hand information on the news that a new government was about to be formed. The leaders of the movement were a handful of arrogant ex-army officers who seized control of the government reins when the feeling of unrest was at its highest. There followed horrible days and nights of assault and cold-blooded murder. Rioting, looting and surging waves of inhuman hatred swept over the small central European country.

Bill and Spike, in their efforts to secure every possible bit of news for the Acme News Agency for which they both worked, suddenly found themselves in the very thick of things. They found that the three army officers leading the revolt, General Rampf, General Ruchin and Captain Logoff, had as their sole purpose the idea of establishing a dictatorship for their own selfish gains.

The activity of the two men became known to the three officers and fearing that the true purpose of the uprising might turn the world against them, they had Bill and Spike arrested. In the confusion, however, Spike escaped and Bill was immediately tried before the army court.

Bill heard his sentence pronounced and remained unmoved, save for the tightening of the muscles of his jaws. He was then turned and lead out of the room and down a long corridor to a stone stairway. Down the steps the little group went, their footsteps echoing and re-echoing

through the vast passages of the old chateau.

The floor beneath had been converted into many cells, a number of them being occupied by deserters and political opponents. The guard unlocked one of the oaken doors and Bill was shoved ungraciously into the gloomy room. The door clanged behind him and was locked.

There wasn't a piece of furniture in the room so Bill slouched in one of the corners to rest himself. Directly across from him, cut high in the opposite wall was a barred window. Through it Bill could see the pink and crimson tinted clouds floating by, each dusted lightly by the setting sun. The purple sky became increasingly deep in color as the day drew to a close. Bill was hungry and fatigued and presently he shut his eyes in restful sleep.



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**H**OW long he slumbered he couldn't say but he was fitfully awakened by someone calling his name. He opened his eyes and looked around. The cell was almost entirely in darkness except for a stream of hazy moonbeams drifting in through the window. He sat up and listened. Then:

"Bill! Wake up, will ya'!"

Abruptly he was on his feet. The voice, barely audible, came from beyond the window. He rushed over and grasping the bars, pulled himself up and peered out. And grinning at him from outside the window was Spike!

"Well, for cryin' out loud!" Bill whispered hoarsely. "What are you doin' here?"

Spike held a finger up to his lips. "Sh. take it easy, ya' big boob! I'm goin' to try and get you out of this Turkish bath!"

Bill saw that his friend was standing on a ladder, about fifteen feet above the ground. From under his coat Spike took a large file and a length of stout rope. Bill's arms weakened under the constant strain of holding himself up, so he dropped back onto the floor. He watched as Spike started filing the side of one of the iron bars. The sound it made as it scraped over the metal was rather shrill and Bill was thankful for the thickness of the walls and the oaken door of his cell.

Once Bill cautioned Spike to halt his activities when two armed guards marched past the room. Finally Spike stopped filing and tied the rope

around the weakened bar. Then grasping the rope in his hands, he leaped from the ladder. Spike weighed a good 180 pounds and the sudden pull of his bulk ripped the bar from the window sill. He climbed the ladder again and let the rope down inside the window and called to Bill: "Grab hold of it and I'll yank you up!"

Bill acted swiftly and presently he was squeezing himself through the narrow opening between the bars. Silently they descended the ladder and stood on the soft turf that rolled down a slope to a high granite wall.

"Where to now?" Bill inquired.

"Follow me and don't ask questions!" Spike replied and falling on his stomach, started wriggling down

the decline, snakelike. Bill repeated this unusual gesture and trailed right behind his friend.

They reached the bottom of the slope and paused. The wall rose at least twenty feet above them, smooth and defiant. Spike, however, located a spot that offered several foot-holes and without hesitation they scurried over the wall and dropped down on the other side.

At that very moment a number of bells broke into a roaring symphony, loud and vigorous. Lights suddenly blazed in various parts of the chateau and the shouting voices of running men came to the ears of the two fleeing reporters.

"We're in for it now!" cried Spike. "They've discovered that you've gotten free! The best thing for us to do is to make for the airplane field. C'mon!"

Flinging all caution to the winds, they raced across the open field to the dimly outlined structures of the hangars. By sheer good fortune a plane stood in the entrance of the first building; at the engine was the figure of a mechanic, working over it by the bare light of an electric lamp. The fleeing pair gathered close and a well-aimed right uppercut dropped the worker to the floor, unconscious.

At that moment a group of soldiers burst through the entrance in the high wall and came racing toward the hangars, brandishing revolvers and rifles!

(To be captured means certain death! Will Bill and Spike make good their escape?)

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

**Ted's Broke**

**Writes Jim**

**Now Money and Prizes**

**A Cents a Hour**

**BOYS! MONEY! BIKE!**

**FILL** your pockets with cash. Earn any of 300 big prizes, including printing press, movie machine, athletic equipment, or a bicycle. How your chains' eyes will pop when you ride this new bike down the street. Comes equipped with latest accessories. Start earning prizes and making money now. It's easy. In your spare time just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Mail coupon to start.

**Mail This Coupon Now**

Jim Thayer, Dept. 370  
The Crowell Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to make MONEY and earn PRIZES. Start me at once.

Name  Age

Address

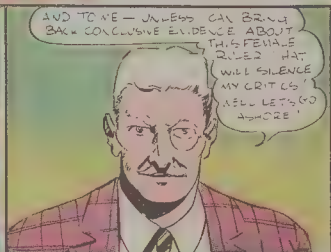
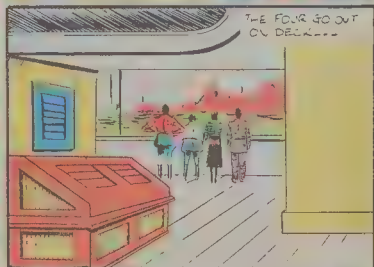
City  State

# EX THOMSON

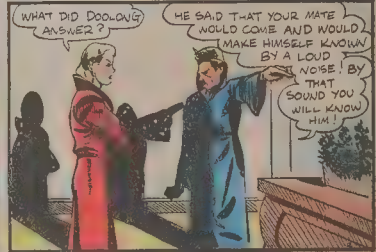
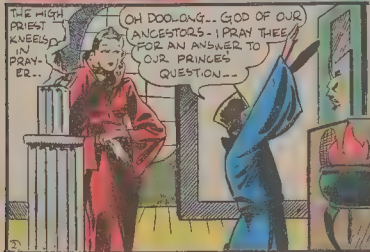
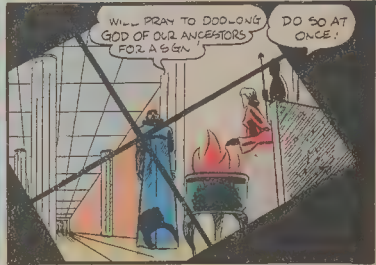
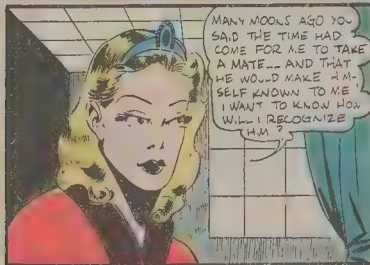
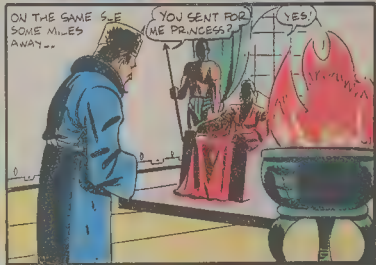
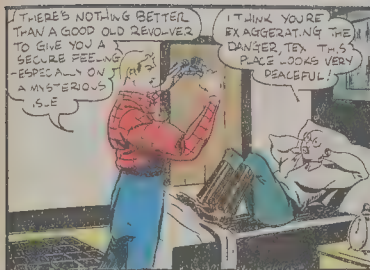
by BERNARD BAILY

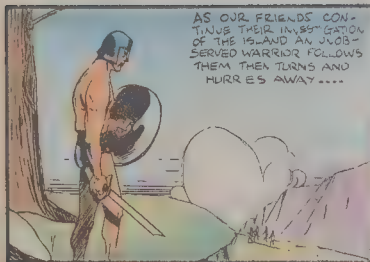
## Synopsis...

**K**NOCKED OUT BY A GROUP OF SAILORS TEX THOMSON AND BOB DALEY RECOVER ONLY TO FIND THAT THEY'VE BEEN SHANGHAIED... BROUGHT BEFORE LORD REYNOLD - THE OWNER OF THE SHIP - TEX AND BOB PROTEST THAT THEY HAVE BEEN UNLAWFULLY BROUGHT ABOARD... THEY ARE DISEMBOWELLED UNTIL DEBORAH THE NEE OF LORD REYNOLD RECOGNIZES THEM... AFTER APOLOGIZING TO THE BOYS, LORD REYNOLD INVITES THEM TO HOLD HIM FIDELITY OF A WHITE WOMAN RULING IN THE INHABITED BY AN ANCIENT RACE OF VILAINS... TEX AND BOB ACCEPT... AT THE MIDDLE A SAILOR ENTERS CAPTAIN DEJES CAB...

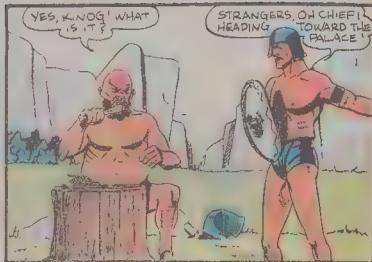








AS OUR FRIENDS CONTINUE THEIR INVESTIGATION OF THE ISLAND AN JOBSERVED WARRIOR FOLLOWS THEM THEN TURNS AND HURRIES AWAY....



YES, KINOQ! WHAT IS IT?

STRANGERS OR CHIEF! HEADING TOWARD THE PALACE!

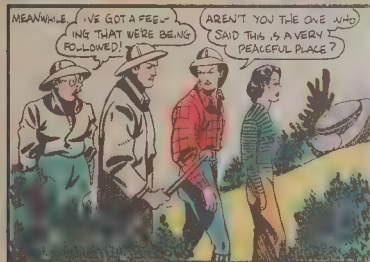


STRANGERS? ON OUR ISLAND? HOW GREAT IS THE NUMBER?

FOUR MY CHIEF!



ROUND UP THE MEN WE'LL HEAD THEM OFF

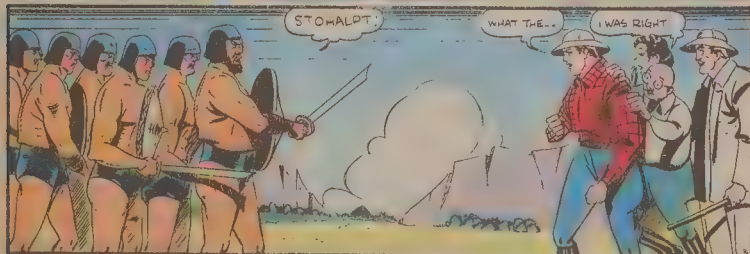


MEANWHILE I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO SAID THIS IS A VERY PEACEFUL PLACE?



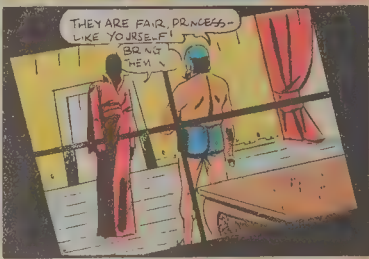
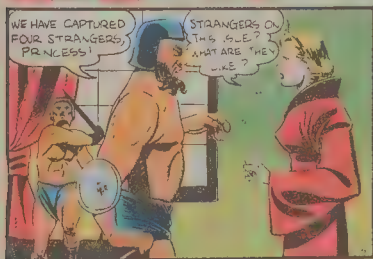
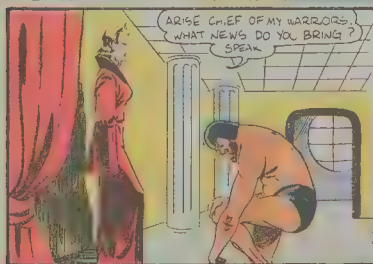
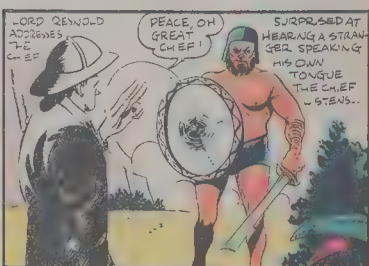
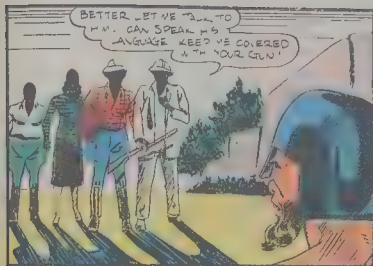
LAUGHING OFF BOBBS FEARS THEY CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY--- SUDDENLY AS IF FROM NOWHERE---



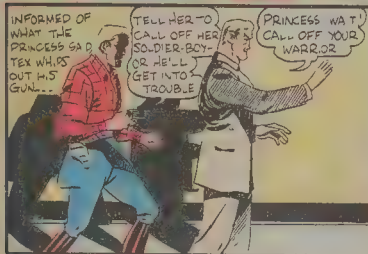
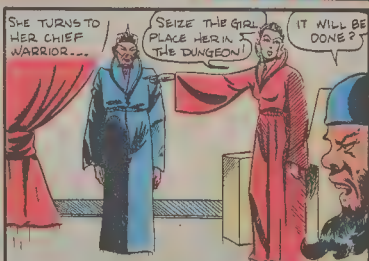
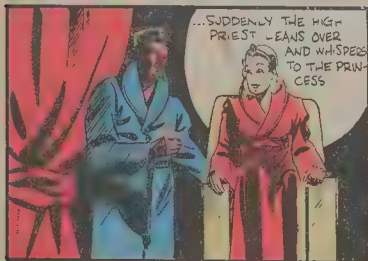
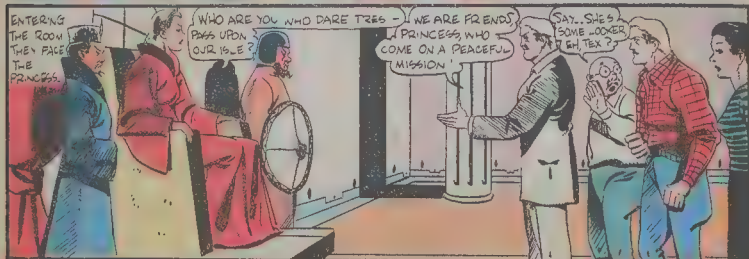
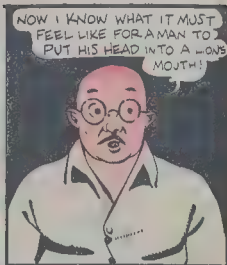
STOWALDT!

WHAT THE--

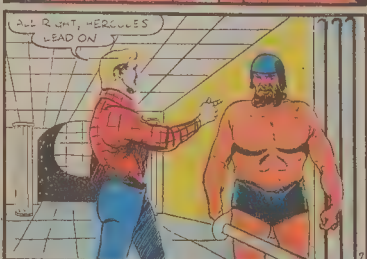
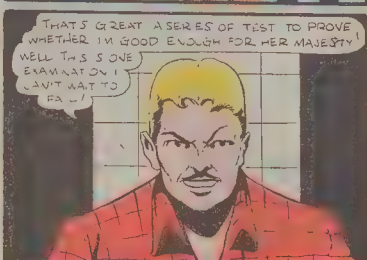
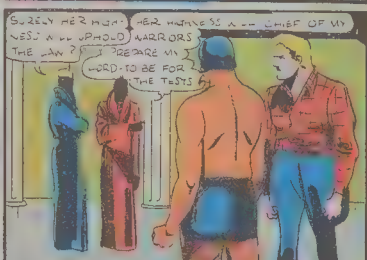
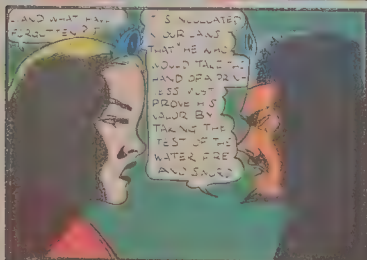
I WAS RIGHT



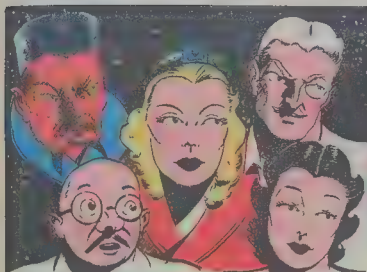




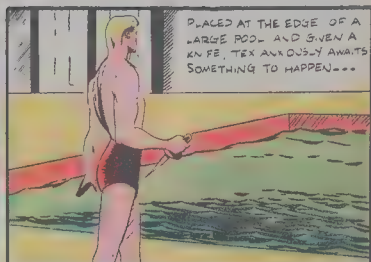




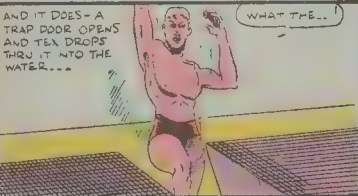




AS TEX IS MARCHED INTO THE ARENA FIVE PAIRS OF EYES WITH MINGLED EXPRESSIONS WATCH WHAT MAY TURN OUT TO BE HIS DOOM....

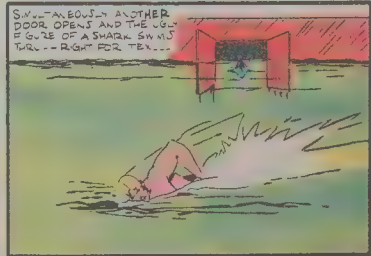


PLACED AT THE EDGE OF A LARGE POOL AND GIVEN A KNIFE, TEX ANXIOUSLY AWAITES SOMETHING TO HAPPEN...

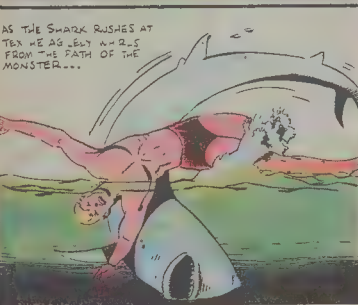


AND IT DOES - A TRAP DOOR OPENS AND TEX DROPS THRU IT INTO THE WATER...

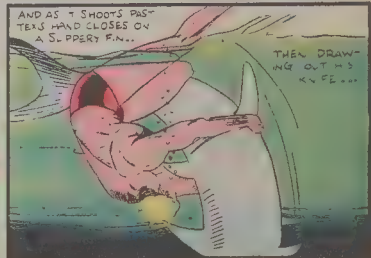
WHAT THE...!



SWIFTLY ANOTHER DOOR OPENS AND THE UGLY FIGURE OF A SHARK SWIMS THRU -- RIGHT FOR TEX...

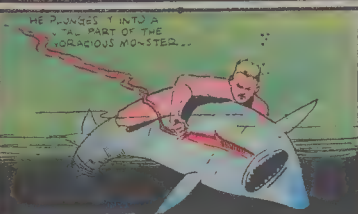


AS THE SHARK RUSHES AT TEX HE AGILELY AVOIDS FROM THE PATH OF THE MONSTER...

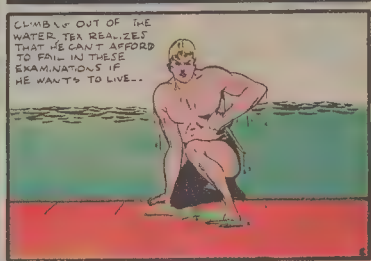


AND AS IT SHOOTS PAST TEX'S HAND CLOSES ON A SLIPPERY FIN...

THEN DRAWING OUT HIS KNIFE...



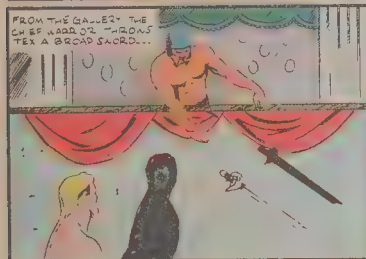
HE PLUNGES IT INTO A VITAL PART OF THE VORACIOUS MONSTER...



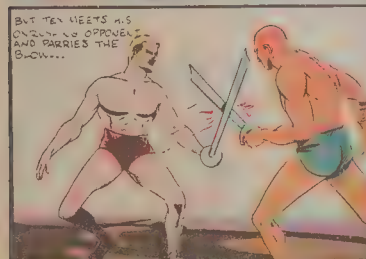
CLIMBING OUT OF THE WATER, TEX REALIZES THAT HE CAN'T AFFORD TO FAIL IN THESE EXAMINATIONS IF HE WANTS TO LIVE...



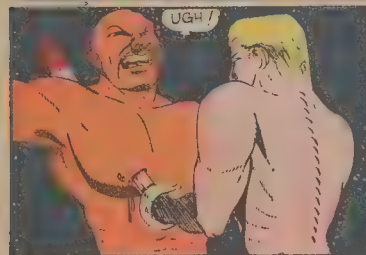
AS HE MAKES HIS WAY  
TOWARD THE EN-  
ANOTHER COSTUME  
PRESENTS "JEFF"



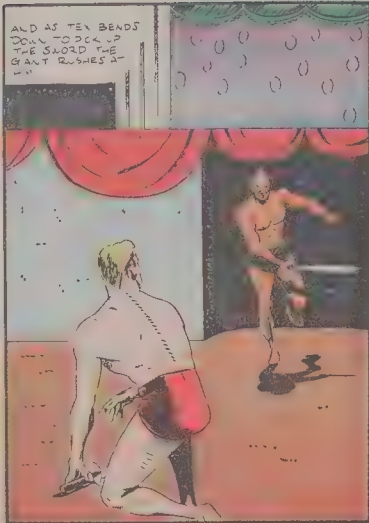
FROM THE GALLERY THE  
CHEF WARDEN THROWS  
TEX A BROAD SWORD...



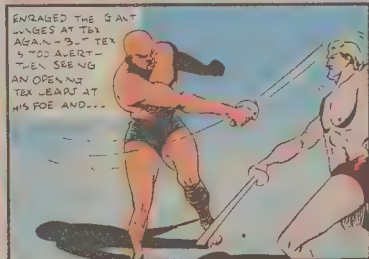
BUT TEX MEETS HIS  
OVERLAP OPPOSEL  
AND PARRIES THE  
BLOW...



UGH!



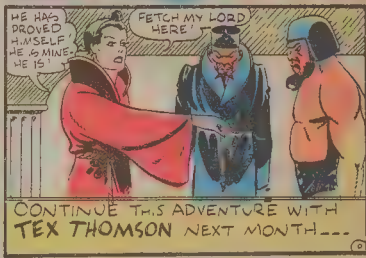
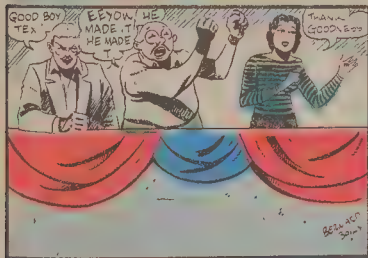
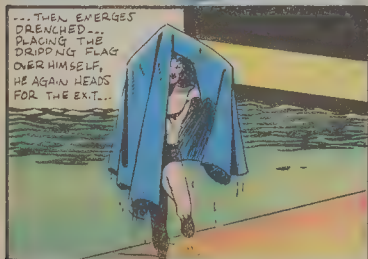
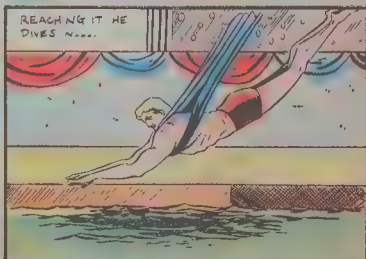
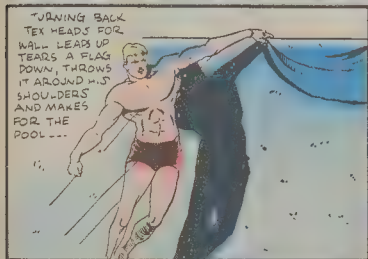
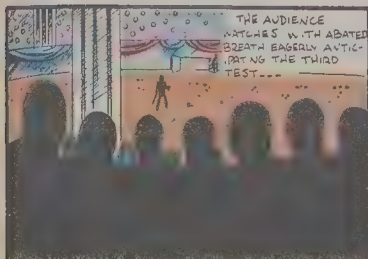
AND AS TEX BENDS  
DOWN TO PICK UP  
THE SWORD THE  
GIANT RUSHES AT  
HIM



ENRAGED THE GIANT  
LUNGES AT TEX  
AGAIN - BUT TEX  
IS TOO ALERT -  
TEX SEEING  
AN OPENING  
TEX LEAPS AT  
HIS FOE AND...



WOUNDING AROUND  
FOR SOMETHING ELSE  
TO APPEAR - BUT  
SEEING NOTHING  
HE AGAIN HEADS  
FOR THE EXIT





# FANTASTIC-FACTS



## HISTORY'S GREATEST HUNTER!

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, FORMER BRITISH STATESMAN, BAGGED 370,128 ANIMALS (BETWEEN 1867 AND 1901)

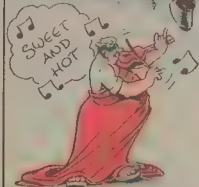


## GRASSHOPPER STARTS WAR!

A SERIOUS TRIBAL WAR WAS STARTED BY TWO INDIAN BOYS ARGUING OVER THE POSSESSION OF A GRASSHOPPER!

## THE PONY EXPRESS DID NOT ORIGINATE IN AMERICA

AS EARLY AS 600 BC THE PERSIANS ORGANIZED A POSTAL SYSTEM USING RELAYS OF MEN ON HORSE-BACK TO CARRY LETTERS WRITTEN ON STONE AND METAL



## NERO DID NOT FIDDLE WHILE ROME BURNED

NEITHER DID THE FIDDLE EXIST AT THE TIME NOR WAS NERO WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF THE BURNING CITY!

AN' ME WID A CODE IN MY NODE

SNIF  
SNIF  
SNIF

## THE SAMOAN KISS IS A SNIFF!



ted

## WORLD OF STAMPS

# "CHUCK" DAWSON

BY R. FLEMING



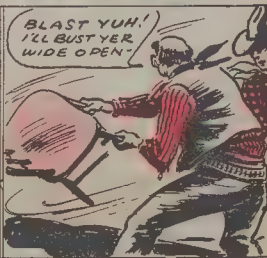
NARROWLY ESCAPING A PLUNGE INTO THE PIT THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR OF THE HIDE-OUT SHACK, CHUCK TURNS TO BATTLE WITH THE GUNMAN LEFT TO GUARD HIM. HE DODGES A VICIOUS THRUST OF THE RUFFIAN'S DAGGER AND LANDS A SMASHING SWING TO HIS JAW, SENDING HIM REELING BACKWARDS INTO THE GAPING OBLONG SPACE IN THE FLOOR. SWEEPING UP THE FELLOW'S GUN FROM THE FLOOR, HE LEAPS TO THE DOOR AS HE HEARS HOOF BEATS DOWN TRAIL . . . .



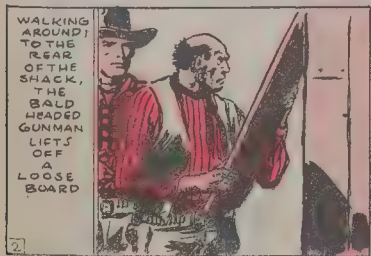
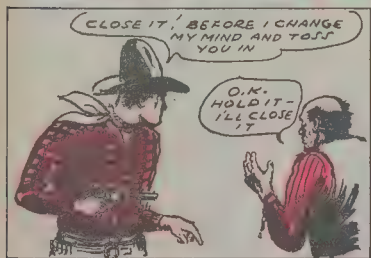
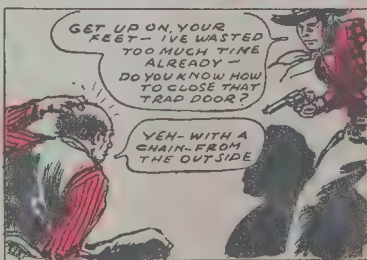
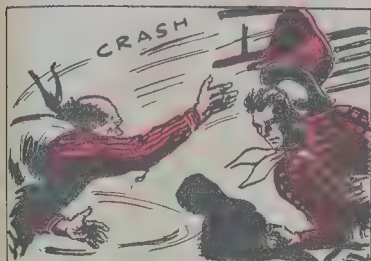
CHUCK CLOSES THE DOOR QUIETLY AND WAITS FOR THE NEWCOMER TO DISMOUNT - PRESENTLY, THERE IS A LOUD RAP ON THE DOOR WITH A GUN - BUTT



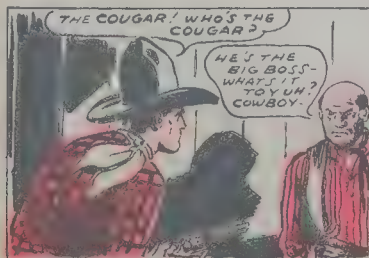
ROARING LIKE A BULL THE GUNMAN SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET - HE GRABS A CHAIR AND SWINGS IT ALOFT.



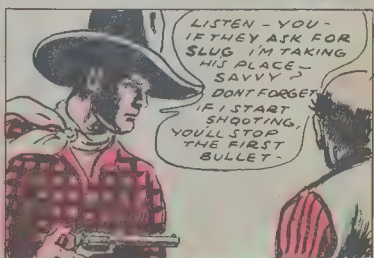
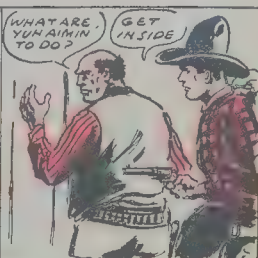




WALKING AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE SHACK, THE BALD HEADED GUNMAN LIFTS OFF A LOOSE BOARD



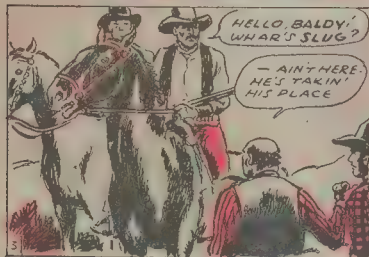
SUDDENLY, SOUNDS OF APPROACHING RIDERS ON THE TRAIL BELOW REACH CHUCK'S SENSITIVE EARS - THEN HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF TWO RIDERS HEADING FOR THE SHACK

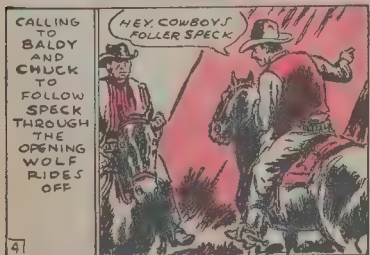
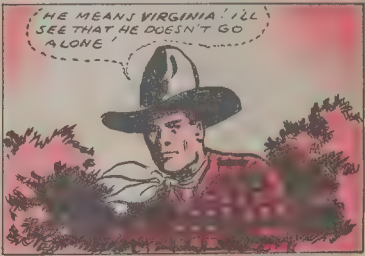
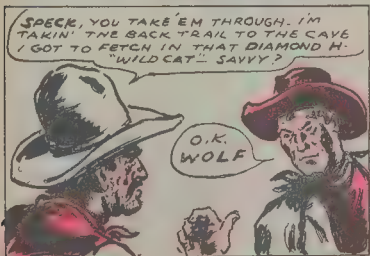
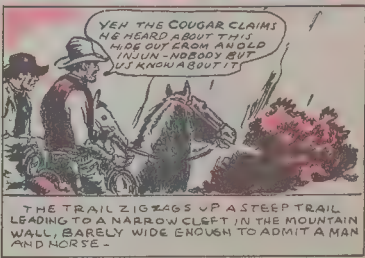
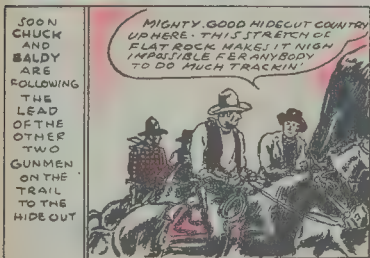
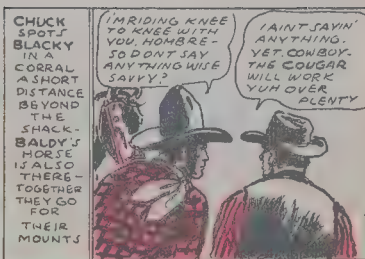


MEANWHILE THE TWO RIDERS HALT NEAR THE COVER OF A HUGE BOULDER WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE OF THE SHACK

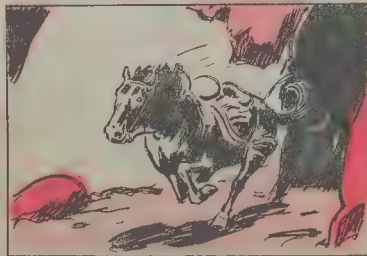
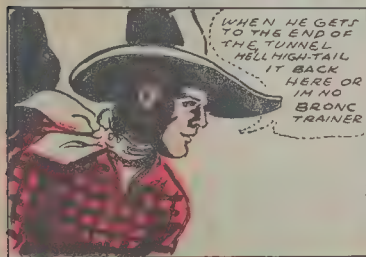
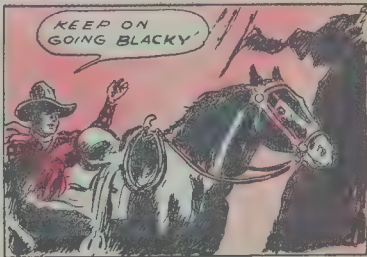
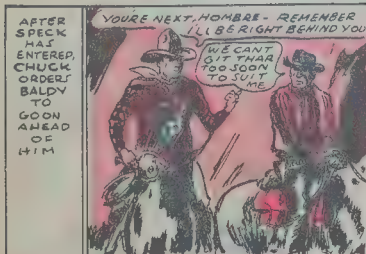


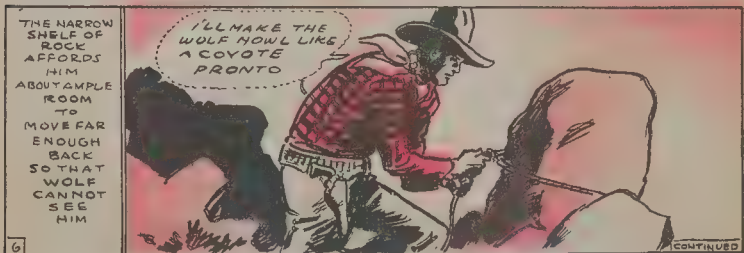
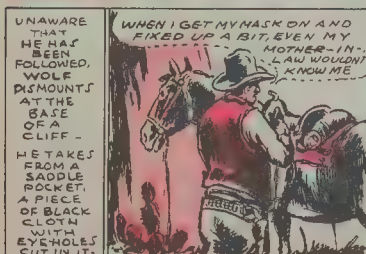
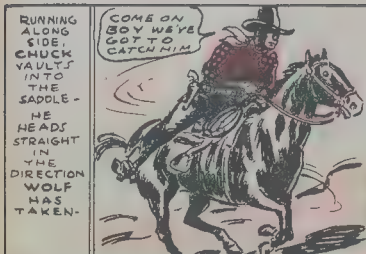
FROM WITHIN, THE SHACK, CHUCK IS NARROWLY WATCHING THE NEW COMERS - PRESENTLY HE OPENS THE DOOR AND SHOVS THE GUNMAN AHEAD OF HIM











# ZATARA

## THE MASTER MAGICIAN

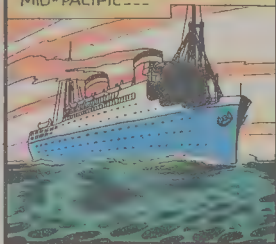
### AND THE SEA GHOST

BY FRED GUARDINEER

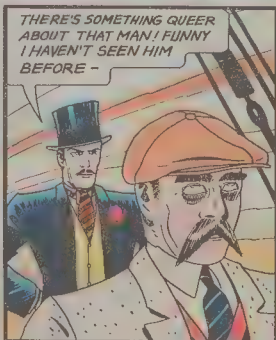
ON "B" DECK, JUST BEFORE DINNER,  
ZATARA BRUSHES BY A STRANGE LOOKING  
FELLOW-PASSENGER -



ON BOARD THE "SS. KANSAS CITY"  
BOUND FOR SAN FRANCISCO FROM  
SHANGHAI, IS ZATARA AND HIS  
SERVANT, TONG. THEY ARE THREE  
DAYS OUT OF CHINA, IN THE  
MID-PACIFIC ---



THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER  
ABOUT THAT MAN! FUNNY  
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM  
BEFORE -



ZATARA AND TONG TALK WITH THE CAPTAIN -

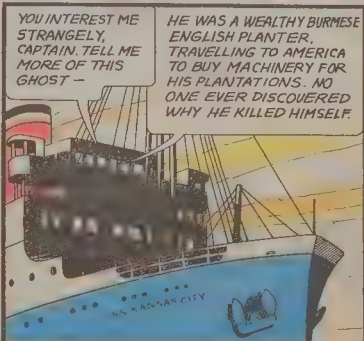
BUT THAT'S ABSURD, ZATARA -  
THE MAN YOU DESCRIBE HAS  
BEEN DEAD THREE YEARS -  
HE COMMITTED SUICIDE HERE  
ABOUTS BY JUMPING OFF "B"  
DECK !

GOLLY, MAYBE  
GHOST ON  
BOARD !



YOU INTEREST ME  
STRANGELY,  
CAPTAIN, TELL ME  
MORE OF THIS  
GHOST -

HE WAS A WEALTHY BURMESE  
ENGLISH PLANTER,  
TRAVELLING TO AMERICA  
TO BUY MACHINERY FOR  
HIS PLANTATIONS. NO  
ONE EVER DISCOVERED  
WHY HE KILLED HIMSELF.

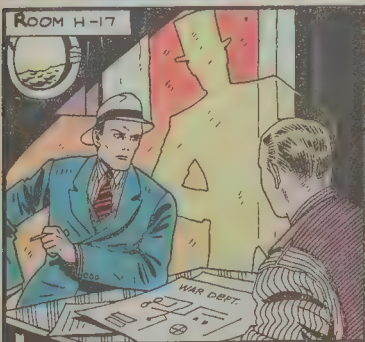
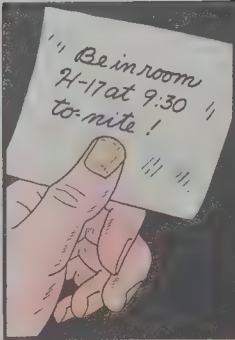
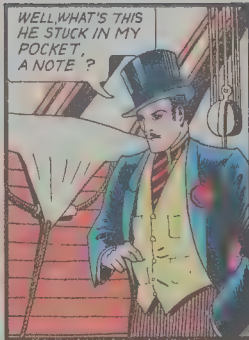




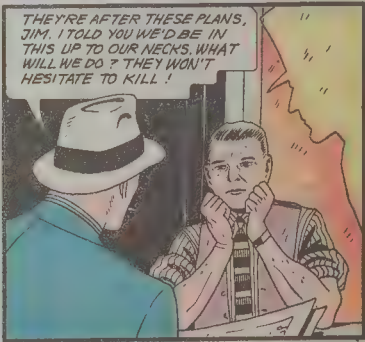
AS ZATARA LEAVES THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE HE BUMPS INTO A YOUNG MAN —



WELL, WHAT'S THIS HE STUCK IN MY POCKET, A NOTE ?



THEY'RE AFTER THESE PLANS, JIM. I TOLD YOU WE'D BE IN THIS UP TO OUR NECKS. WHAT WILL WE DO ? THEY WON'T HESITATE TO KILL !



SO MY YOUNG FRIENDS NEED MY ASSISTANCE, EH ? WELL I THINK —



I THINK YOU WILL STAY HERE FOR THE EVENING, M'SIEU !

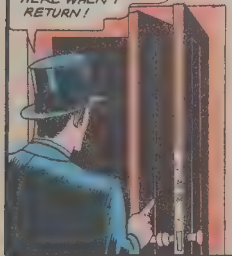


IF YOU WILL BE SO GOOD AS TO STEP ASIDE — NO ?



AT A GESTURE FROM ZATARA THE STRANGER TURNS INTO A DOOR!

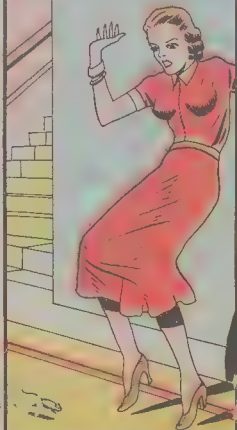
I THINK I'LL LOCK YOU TO BE SURE YOU'RE HERE WHEN I RETURN!



THERE IS A STRONG FORCE AT WORK HERE I SHALL HAVE TO BE ALERT... I'LL TURN INTO A MOUSE!



MISS KELLY SREAMS AS A LITTLE MOUSE RUNS BY HER IN THE CORRIDOR-



THE MOUSE (ZATARA) PAUSES BEFORE ROOM H-17

NOW- INTO A BREATH OF AIR AND INTO THE KEY-HOLE!



AS A TINY GUST OF AIR THE MAGICIAN ENTERS THE KEY-HOLE

AND RESUMES HIS SHAPE INSIDE H-17

CARBON MONOXIDE - DEADLY GAS!



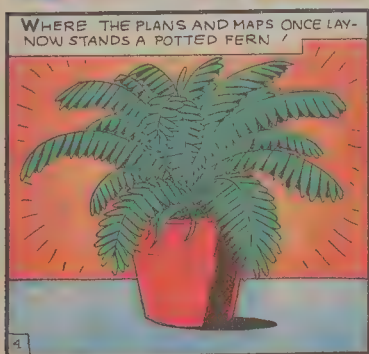
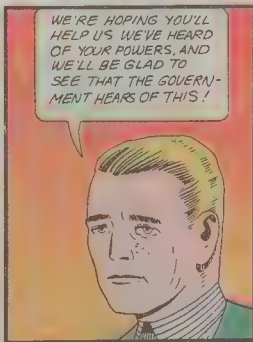
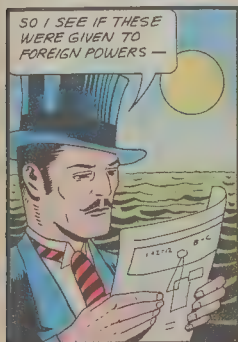
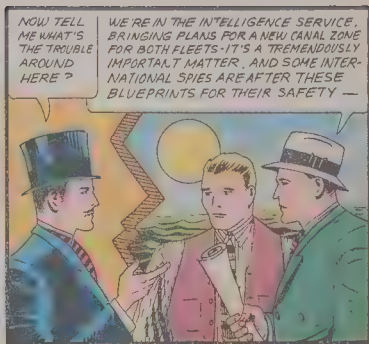
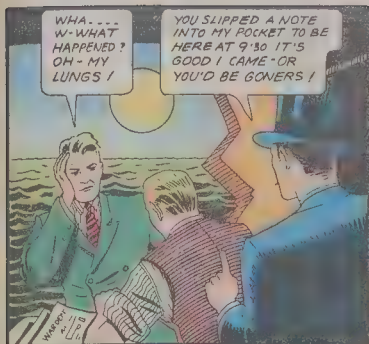
I MUST BE SWIFT!



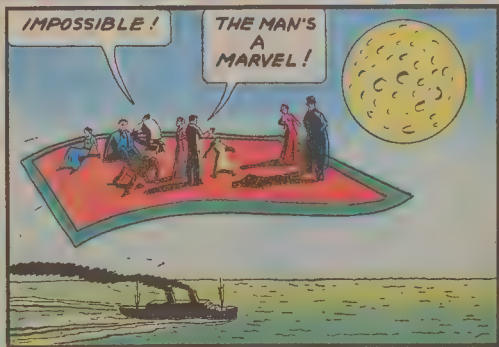
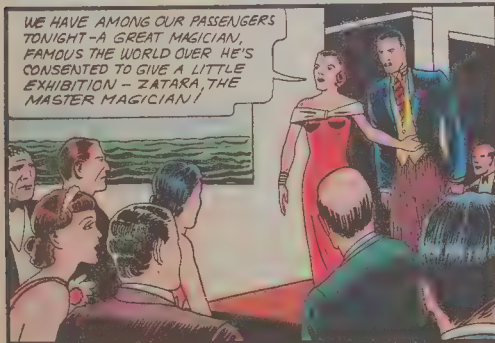
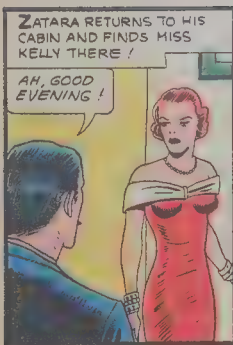
ZATARA GESTURES AND THE WHOLE SIDE OF THE CABIN DISAPPEARS AND ROOM H-17 LOOKS OUT OVER THE OCEAN -

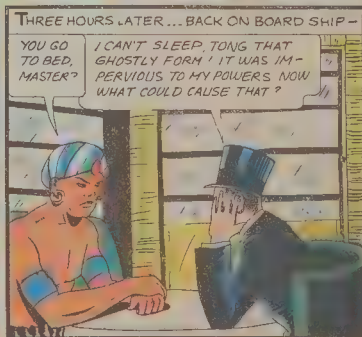
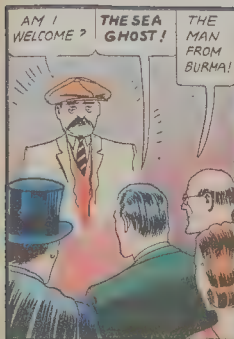
THE OCEAN BREEZE WILL REVIVE THEM!

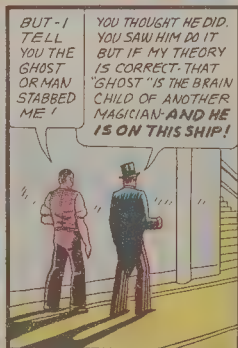
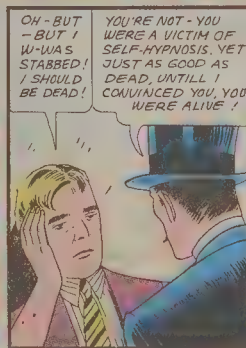
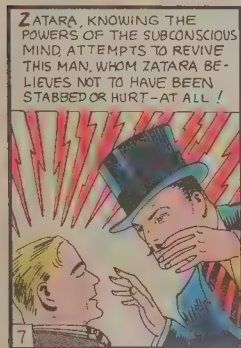
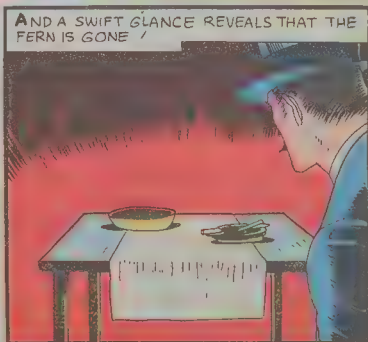
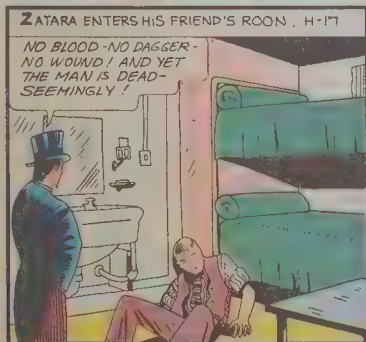
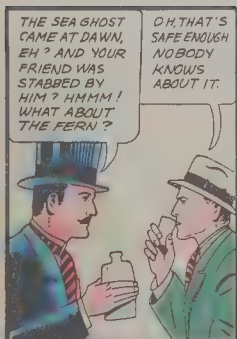














ZATARA AND THE MAN BURST INTO ZATARA'S ROOM TO FIND IT MESSED UP AND THE OTHERMAN KNOCKED OUT!

THEY HAVE STRUCK AT ME, EH? WELL IT'S TO GRIPS, THEN!



THE MAGICIAN MAKES PSYCHICAL CONTACT WITH THE PLANS....



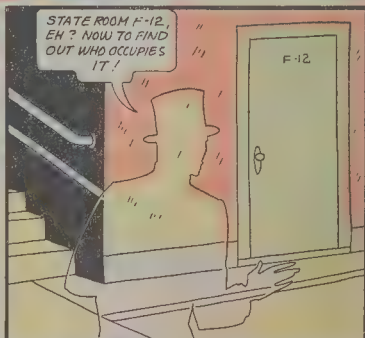
AND FINDS HIMSELF IN ANOTHER STATEROOM



WHOEVER IT IS DOESN'T SUSPECT THIS FERN FOR WHAT IT IS - OR ELSE MY POWER HIDES ITS SECRET FROM THEM!



STATE ROOM F-12, EH? NOW TO FIND OUT WHO OCCUPIES IT!



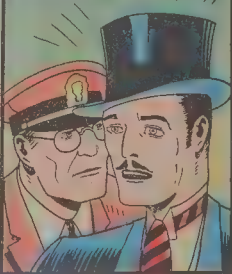
ZATARA, BACK IN HUMAN FORM, GOES TO THE PURSER -  
PURSER'S OFFICE

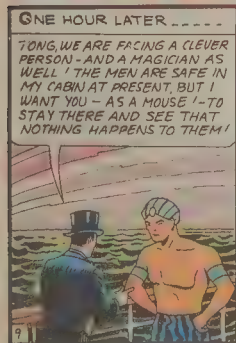
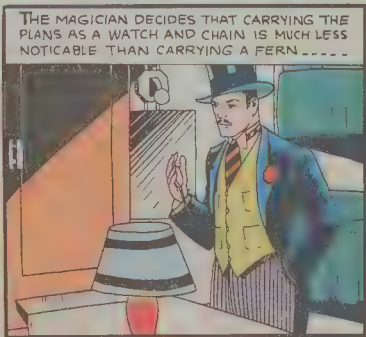
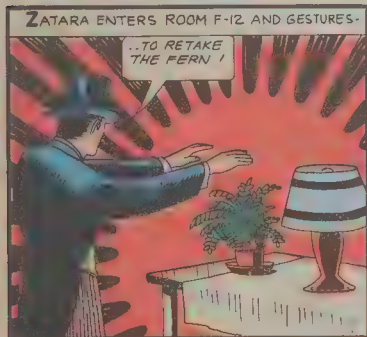
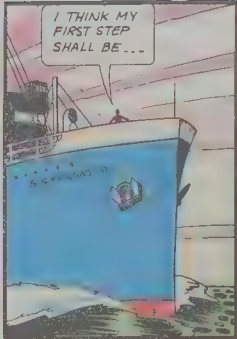
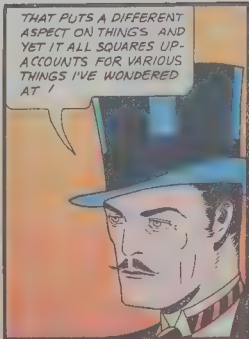
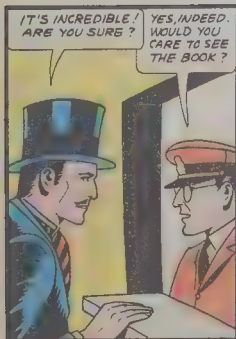


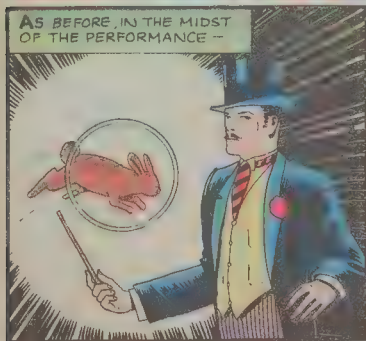
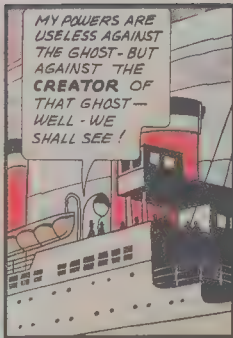
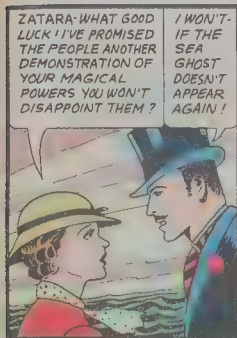
YES, SIR, F-12 IS OCCUPIED BY----



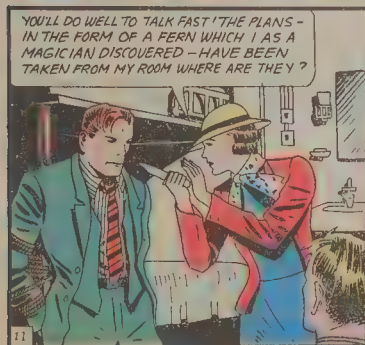
THE PURSER WHISPERS THE NAME TO THE SURPRISED MAGICIAN!

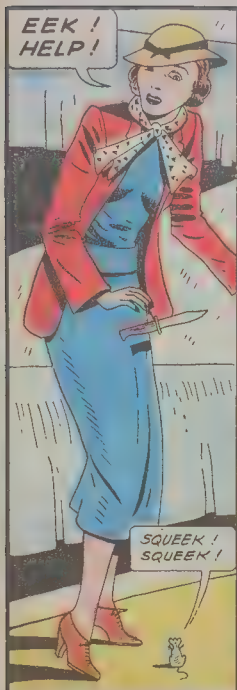












EEK !  
HELP !

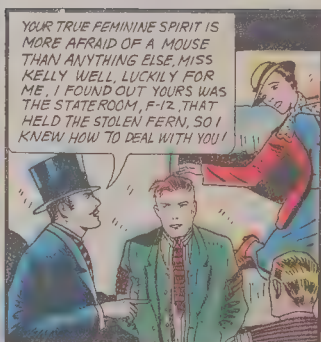
SQUEEK !  
SQUEEK !



MAY I BE OF  
SERVICE ?



TAKE THAT HORRIBLE  
THING AWAY !  
**TAKE IT AWAY !**  
I- I'LL TELL EVERY-  
THING !

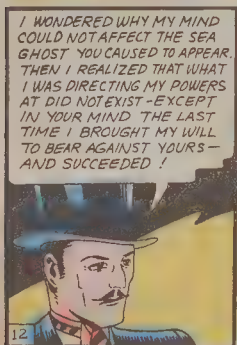


YOUR TRUE FEMININE SPIRIT IS  
MORE AFRAID OF A MOUSE  
THAN ANYTHING ELSE, MISS  
KELLY WELL, LUCKILY FOR  
ME, I FOUND OUT YOURS WAS  
THE STATEROOM, F-12, THAT  
HELD THE STOLEN FERN, SO I  
KNEW HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU !



**MISS KELLY SIGNS A CONFESSION**

SO YOU ARE A MAGICIAN ! MADAME KELLY,  
EH ? I'VE HEARD OF YOU - AND YOU WERE  
HIRED BY INTERNATIONAL THIEVES TO  
LIFT THE PLANS FOR THE NEW CANAL !



I WONDERED WHY MY MIND  
COULD NOT AFFECT THE SEA  
GHOST YOU CAUSED TO APPEAR.  
THEN I REALIZED THAT WHAT  
I WAS DIRECTING MY POWERS  
AT DID NOT EXIST - EXCEPT  
IN YOUR MIND THE LAST  
TIME I BROUGHT MY WILL  
TO BEAR AGAINST YOURS -  
AND SUCCEEDED !



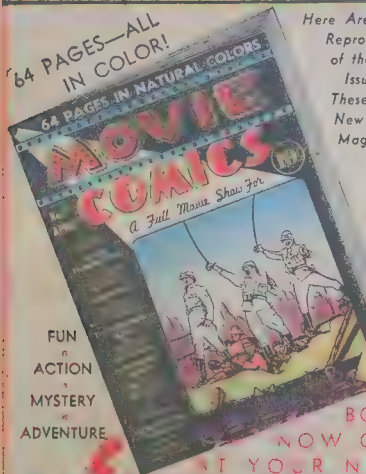
I THINK YOU WILL BE KEPT  
OUT OF MISCHIEF AS A STATUE,  
MISS KELLY THE GOVERNMENT  
AUTHORITIES AT SAN FRANCISCO  
WILL LATER ATTEND TO YOU



YOU'LL GET REWARDED FOR  
THIS FROM THE GOVERNMENT,  
SIR ONLY ONE MAN COULD  
HAVE DONE WHAT YOU DID -  
**ZATARA, THE MASTER  
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FRANKENSTEIN**

with  
BASIL RATHBONE  
BORIS KARLOFF  
BELA LUGOSI

**THE GREAT MAN  
VOTES**

with  
JOHN BARRYMORE  
PETER HOLDEN  
VIRGINIA WEIDLER

**GUNGA DIN**

with  
CARY GRANT  
VICTOR McLAGLEN  
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

**FISHERMAN'S  
WHARF**

with  
BOBBY BREEN  
LEO CARILLO  
HENRY ARMETTA

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

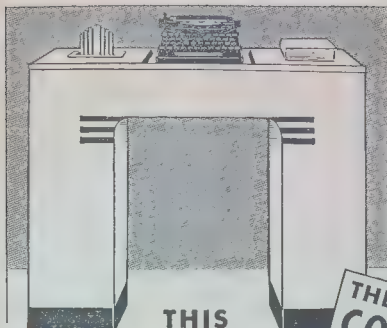
**JACKIE COOPER in  
SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE**  
SHORTS — NEWS REELS — COMEDIES

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